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majesty and glory, names of happiness and veneration, names agreeable to angels, advantageous to men, and terrible to demons.

"Being holy, as they are, says the devout Eckius, and capable of filling with consolation the spirits of those who invoke them, Christians should always have them in their hearts and on their lips. Adopt the pious habit of invoking every morning on your awaking these three sacred names, and saying—May you be blessed for ever, most holy and most august Trinity, Jesus, Mary, and Joseph; we praise you, we glorify you for all the graces you have deigned to bestow on us, and have obtained from God for us."

[We dare not trust ourselves to comment upon such language, nor can we believe that any comment is necessary. May the Holy and ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, in His infinite mercy, pardon those who are led astray by false teachers into such a fatal delusion.—Ed.]

*Extract from the 31st Meditation—p. 311.*

"Great God, who takest part in all the obligations which the Incarnate Word believes himself to be under towards St. Joseph; Sovereign Goodness, who never allow yourself to be vanquished in generosity by your creature; God of Heaven, who have promised your glory to those who shall give, in your name, a cup of cold water to a poor beggar, what testimony of gratitude did you not render to this holy patriarch?"

"Father of all goodness, did you not entreat him to accept the half of your riches, did you not recompense the fidelity and the prudence of this most happy servant by giving him the half of your goods, with the liberty to dispose of them in favour of those who should honour and invoke him? And you, oh, Jesus! the only Son of God, the perfect idea of perfect gratitude, what did you render to him from whom you had received so much honour and so many benefits? Faithful to your promise: 'Give and it shall be given to you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom'—you gave him a palace in heaven for a house on earth, the bosom of a God for the bosom of a man, eternal glory for temporal honours, your heart for his, and love for love."

*Extracts from the sentiments of Mons. Olier on the Grandeur of St. Joseph—p. 315.*

"The admirable St. Joseph was given to the world as the visible expression of the adorable perfections of God the Father. In his person alone he bore His beauties, His purity, His love, His wisdom, and His prudence, His mercy and His compassion. A single saint is destined to represent God the Father, whilst it requires an infinity of creatures, a multitude of saints, to represent Jesus Christ; for the whole Church labours only to manifest externally the perfections of her adorable chief, and alone St. Joseph represents the Eternal Father. All the angels together are created to represent God and his perfections—a single man represents all His grandeur."

*Sentiment the Fifth—p. 321.*

*St. Joseph is the external manifestation of the compassion and tenderness of the Eternal Father for the sorrows of men.*

"The Eternal Father having chosen Saint Joseph to make of him the image of his Paternity, has assumed (literally, taken) in him a spirit of compassion and of tenderness for the misery of man, and in him has made Himself the Father of Mercies. Before his Incarnation the Word was full of rigour. Vox tonitru in rota vox confingentis cedros. But since He made Himself man, He has become (literally, rendered himself) sensible to our woes; He is full of mildness and tenderness. Mitis et humilis corde. He is full of compassion for our miseries."

"And it is thus that the Eternal Father has acted in communicating his image to the great Saint Joseph. From all eternity God the Father was separate from the flesh, elevated in holiness infinitely above our state; then He was insensible to our woes and filled with severity towards men; but from the moment that He clothed Himself with the person of St. Joseph, that He veiled Himself in the humanity of this great saint, He is become merciful, full of tenderness and sensibility for human misery."

"In him He is the Father of Mercies: therefore it is that St. Paul, after having said, God be blessed, Benedictus Deus, adds, the Father of Jesus Christ, Father of Mercies, that is to say, that in rendering Himself the Father of Jesus Christ in St. Joseph, He became the Father of Mercies, whilst before that He was in His state (or condition) of God."

"These elevated considerations of the grandeur of St. Joseph are from the pen of Mons. Olier, founder and first Superior General of the Community of the Priests of St. Sulpice. Mons. Olier was a man of ardent charity and of tender piety. He enjoyed a great reputation for science and virtue. Bossuet calls him, Virum protestantissimum ac sanctitatis odore florentem."

Must not any Catholic who reads these extracts acknowledge that this book (approved by the Cardinal de Bonard, the present Archbishop of Lyons) teaches that God the Father had no compassion for man till He took upon Himself the human nature of St. Joseph, and that God the Son felt nothing but rigour towards man till He took on Himself the human nature of the Son of Joseph, thus making our salvation the work of human beings? Does it not also teach that there are two Trinities, "worthy the vows, the offerings, and the adorations of

all the children of God," the first existing in God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the second in the man Christ Jesus, the woman Mary, and the man Joseph?

Are all Roman Catholics prepared to subscribe to this doctrine of two Incarnations and two Trinities?

#### SERMON IN CARDINAL WISEMAN'S CHAPEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN.

SIR,—I beg to say, the kind manner in which you received my humble contribution respecting Mr. Faber's views on the Sacrament induces me to trouble you again. I have, for a long time, considered that the besetting sin of Roman Catholics is their credulous reliance upon the dicta of the pastors of their Church, and that whatever doctrine is advanced by them is received as truth, and adhered to with reckless tenacity. Ask any Roman Catholic to give you a reason for his belief, he will tell you, if pressed, that he has no right to reason, as such an act would be questioning the authority of the Church. Now, would it not be proper for him to consider, that when Christ commanded his followers to hear the Church, He meant a Church which should in all things be obedient to the Gospel. If, therefore, the Roman Catholic Church teaches more or less than is required by the law of God as essential to salvation, it certainly cannot be the Church which Christ referred to. The Redeemer has said—"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE." The Roman Catholic Church says—I am the way—I hold the truth—and through me only can you have eternal life! The way of the Gospel is plain; but the way of Rome, to use a figure, has so many turnings and windings; streets, lanes, and corners; so many toll-gates and turnstiles, that a person once in the labyrinth will be fortunate, indeed, if he ever gain a footing on the true road to the city of salvation. It matters not how fondly a Roman Catholic may cling to the cherished doctrine of the sanctity of his Church; for when Christ promised to send down the Holy Ghost to "abide for ever," He did not specify the Roman Church, but the Church of the faithful, who should follow his footsteps, keep his commandments, and do the will of his Heavenly Father. "Every tree is known by its fruits;" but what fruit does Rome produce? Is God worshipped in "spirit and in truth?" No. He is only made a sharer with angels and saints, and united in partnership with his mother. Is the pure word of God read and expounded for the people's edification? Are the words of truth always addressed from Roman Catholic pulpits? Certainly! reply my poor countrymen. Let them listen to the following specimen, and learn from it that while the "Spirit of God cannot lie," the spirit of delusion may, and does sometimes speak falsely, nay profanely, by the lips of a Catholic priest, even in the house so called God's, and during the solemn hour of divine worship.

A little while ago, when Cardinal Wiseman was parading his insignia before the London public and visiting various chapels in the metropolis, attracting crowds of people of every class, all anxious to catch a glimpse of his red hat and hear the voice of a "real live" cardinal, I was over-persuaded to accompany a female relation to the far famed Roman Catholic chapel of Moore Fields. It was Sunday evening, and having duly arrived, paid for admission (and "half-price" for a child of some five years old who accompanied us), we were ushered into the building, which was in such a crowded state that we were forced to take up a standing position against the wall of one of the aisles, and accidentally in front of the pulpit. Suffice to say, the vespers were sung, the music was grand, the paintings were exquisite, the lighting-up magnificent, and the whole scene gorgeous and imposing. There was one circumstance which particularly struck me, namely, the extraordinary number of women who were present; whichever way my eye wandered it encountered bonnets and flowing drapery. There were women here, there, and everywhere! At length the time arrived for the sermon, and not the cardinal, but a priest in simple surplice and stole ascended the pulpit (I think he was an Irishman). He was a good speaker, and the whole burthen of his discourse was the inculcation of the good work of charity: it might be summed up thus—"Give, give, for the love of God to the Church, to every one who asks in the name of God"—"Give to every one," said the speaker; "for ye may not know who asks—it may be an angel, or a saint, or even God himself! Despise not the poor, for God loves to assume the garb of poverty; and although we may not be able to discern Him or the persons of sanctified beings under mean disguises, still there are some to whom they occasionally reveal themselves, as you will perceive by the following well-authenticated narrative":—"A certain continental queen," continued the speaker, "whose life was a miracle of virtue, and who was ever vigilant to seek out objects upon which to bestow her overflowing charity, was greatly blessed by Providence. She possessed the peculiar grace and privilege of recognising in the persons of the poor the presence of the Lord. However, it so happened, that notwithstanding this good queen's numerous virtues, she was united to a wicked, unchristian husband. The king was an uncharitable man, and the king's mother, who resided with them, was even still worse than her son, and often scolded the queen for what she deemed her meanness in

aiding the poor; but God sustained her in her trials, and rewarded her for her great faith and charity; for it happened that on a day when the king was absent hunting, that she desisted a poor mendicant approaching the palace gate, and moved by the impulse of holy charity, and regardless of the frowns of her mother-in-law, she approached the miserable object of her sympathy, who stood fainting and weary before her, oppressed with sorrow, worn down with hunger and sickness, and covered from head to foot with leprous sores. Deeply affected with his condition, she had him carefully removed to her apartments and placed upon her own bed. She waited on him patiently, and ministered to all his necessities. She fed him, washed him, and dressed his loathsome ulcers with her own hands! In the meanwhile, the king returned from the chase; his mother, moved by envy, and instigated by a spirit of evil to ruin the character of her daughter-in-law, hastened to his presence, and accused the queen with the dreadful crime of having a gallant concealed in her bed-room (I blushed for the owners of the bonnets). Fired with rage and jealousy, the king sought his wife. He met her in his way, and fiercely upbraided her with her supposed crime, and threatened to take vengeance on her head if the charge turned out to be true. The poor queen listened calmly to his reproaches, and meekly stated the circumstance relating to the poor mendicant, and added, that if he doubted the truth of her statement he might satisfy himself by examining her apartment. Fiercely did he burst into her room; in a rage he approached her bed; with convulsive frenzy did he grasp the clothes which covered it; with an effort he cast them on the floor, and there, in his spouse's bed, he saw, to his utter astonishment, not the gallant, not the person of the leprous mendicant, but—THE FIGURE OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, HIS HANDS AND FEET PIERCED WITH NAILS, AND HIS SACRED HEAD CROWNED WITH THORNS!!! The king, stricken with awe at the glorious apparition became instantly convinced of his wife's innocence. Ashamed of himself for having doubted her fidelity, and full of respectful reverence for her virtues, he prostrated himself before her on his knees and vowed that he would amend his life and never more interfere with her in the exercise of her holy works of charity." Having exhorted his hearers to follow the example of the good and charitable queen, his reverence descended from the pulpit; and while preparation was making for the benediction a number of men armed with long rods to which were attached black velvet bags, collected the offerings of the people; the tinkling of the coins, as they dropped, formed not an unpleasant accompaniment to the music of the organ; but I felt that the only profit which ever would be derived from the above discourse would be found in the treasury into which those bags would be emptied. I had not been in a Roman Catholic chapel for several years previously, but during that short visit I had heard enough to satisfy me that Romanism had not improved, but that it was and is retrograding still further from the pure and simple doctrine taught by Christ and his Apostles! I left that "House of prayer" a sadder and a wiser man, and I now ask my Roman Catholic friends to lay aside all prejudice, and venture to put the important question to themselves, "What shall we do to be saved?" Surely the "Vicar of Christ" (?) ought not to feel offended if a sinner invoke the Almighty to direct him in the way of truth; nor need a sinner be frightened at the frown of a Pontiff if the Redeemer graciously hear his prayer. It is the duty of a Christian to read and hear the word of God; and who will say that it is not infinitely more profitable than a vile legend in which the sacred name of God is profaned? for what can it be but profanity to associate God's name with so loathsome and obscene a fiction? The soul grows sick and recoils with horror from such vile fables, and yet the men who concoct and circulate them dare to lay an interdict on the Bible, and demand passive, blind obedience from their followers. Oh! what a strange mark of sanctity does this lesson exhibit, and under the eyes of a Cardinal Archbishop, the representative of a *soi-disant* vicar of Christ! Alas! that decency, reason, and the word of God should be so grossly outraged.

May God forgive the guides who lead their blind followers into a ditch, and give my Catholic friends and countrymen grace and energy to think, read, and pray for themselves, and may He dispel the mists and darkness which envelope them.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,  
AN EX-MEMBER OF THE CATHOLIC  
INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

#### FARMING OPERATIONS FOR JULY.

*Early-sown Rape* should be well hoed out to 8 or 9 inches apart, if sown broadcast, as soon as the plants are high enough to be worked between, without covering those that remain, and sow successional breadths during the month.

*Carrots and Parsnips*, if sown early, should now be sufficiently advanced to receive the last hoeing and grubbing. Those that are not so forward should have their final thinning, and may get two grubblings between during the month.